

The Tragedie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue,

Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer:

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designs.
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At Chertsic Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone,

La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartly, goe along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue said farewell already. *Exit.*

of Richard the third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards Chertsic noble Lord?

Glo. No: to White Fryers: there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humor woe? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me,

And I nothing to backe my suite withall

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah?

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, whom I some three months since

Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?

A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigalitic of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe afford.

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,

And made her widdow to a wofull bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?

My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.

Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot

My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine some score or two of tailors

To studie fashions to adore my bodie,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter.